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SPAWN

SPAWN'S UNIVERSE 92 21

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SPAWN CREATED BY
TODD McFARLANE

PREVIOUSLY IN *SPAWN*

A vicious battle between Spawn, Cy-Gor, and a long-forgotten enemy...SOUL CRUSHER! It spills from the docks, into the bay and ends with a startling conclusion in the shadows of a derelict warehouse.

Spawn #321 August 2021. Digital Edition. Published by IMAGE COMICS, PO BOX 14457, Portland, OR 97293 USA. Spawn, its logo and its symbol are registered trademarks © 2021 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All other related characters are TM and © 2021 Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. The characters, events and stories in this publication are entirely fictional. With exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Todd McFarlane Productions, Inc

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SOMEWHERE UNKNOWN.
ALRIGHT, SO WE'RE HERE. NOW, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT?
YOU HAVE MORE INTEL FOR US?
IT'S NOT THAT.
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, IT'S NOT THAT? THAT'S ALL WE HAVE IN OUR LIVES, ALL WE TALK ABOUT.
SHE'S RIGHT, AL. WE'VE ALL BEEN UNDER PRESSURE LATELY TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO KEEP THINGS FROM GETTING TOO CRAZY. WE'RE ALL A LITTLE FRAYED RIGHT NOW.
WHERE'S MEDIEVAL SPAWN?
WHAT?
IT'S A SIMPLE QUESTION. WHERE IS HE?
YOU'RE KIDDING, RIGHT? IS *THAT* WHAT YOU CALLED US HERE FOR?
WHY DOESN'T THAT CONCERN YOU?
WHY DOESN'T "WHAT" CONCERN ME? YOU'RE NOT MAKING SENSE.
I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM FOR A FEW HOURS.

IT'S BEEN MORE LIKE FIVE HOURS SINCE THE SENSOR CONTROLS DETECTED HIM.
MEANING WHAT?
MEANING, WHERE THE HELL IS HE?! I HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE WE GOT BACK FROM OUR MISSION. HAVE EITHER OF YOU?*
*See Spawn #318 — Todd
WE WEREN'T LOOKING. SOME OF US ARE FOCUSED ON THE TASK AT HAND, NAMELY TRYING TO STAY ALIVE. HE'S PROBABLY OUT ON HIS OWN MISSION.
ACTUALLY, HE'S NOT, JESSICA. HIS ARMOR'S STILL IN THE LAB. I SAW IT WHEN I WAS GRABBING SOMETHING TO EAT.
FINE! THAT MEANS HE'S HERE SOMEWHERE. MAYBE HE'S IN THE BATHROOM, FOR ALL WE KNOW. I'M SURE HE'LL TURN UP. NOW...I'VE GOT THINGS TO DO.
YOU'RE MISSING THE POINT, JESSICA. YOU BOTH ARE.

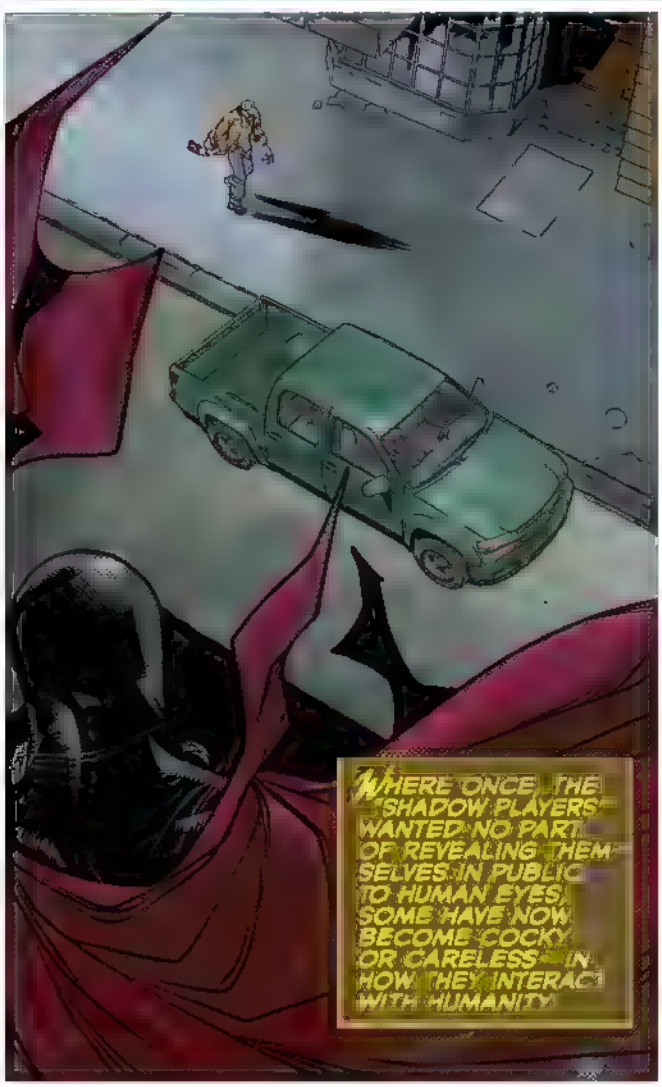
SO, WHAT *IS* YOUR POINT? MARC, PLEASE TELL HIM HE'S NOT MAKING SENSE RIGHT NOW AND I'M STARTING TO GET ANGRY.
I DON'T HAVE AN OPINION EITHER WAY.
CHICKEN SHIT.
JUST TELL US WHAT YOU'D LIKE US TO DO.
I DON'T WANT YOU TO DO ANYTHING. BECAUSE YOU CAN'T. ***THAT'S*** THE PROBLEM, AND IT'S ONE OF MANY.
LIKE?
LIKE, WHO THE F*CK IS MEDIEVAL SPAWN ANYWAY? WHY'D HE COME TO MY RESCUE ON OMEGA ISLAND, AND HOW'D HE EVEN KNOW I WAS THERE TO BEGIN WITH? REMEMBER, HE TRIED TO KILL ME JUST BEFORE THAT. I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS, WHAT HIS MOTIVATIONS ARE OR WHO'S SIDE HE'S EVEN ON. BUT THAT'S NOT...
NOW YOU'RE SOUNDING PARANOID! HE SAVED ***YOUR ASS*** FOR CHRIST'S SAKE. OTHER WISE YOU'D STILL BE ON THAT DAMN ISLAND!
I WASN'T FINISHED! WHAT I WAS GOING TO SAY WAS, THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M CONCERNED ABOUT. NOT HIM SPECIFICALLY. THIS PLACE IS SUPPOSED TO BE UNDETECTABLE. IMPENETRABLE! INSTEAD I'VE GOT STRANGERS COMING AND GOING. AND WHAT ABOUT THE FREAK? OR THE CURSE? THEY DISAPPEARED TOO!

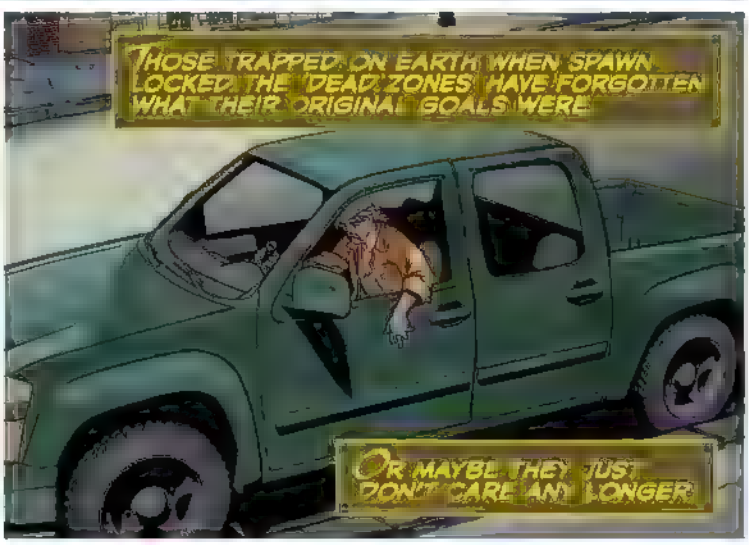
NONE OF THIS HAPPENED BEFORE ANY OF YOU CAME HERE AND I'M NOT WILLING TO COMPROMISE MY SECURITY ANY LONGER. SO, I NEED YOU TO LEAVE! BOTH OF YOU, I NEED YOU OUT OF HERE!
YOU'VE BECOME LIABILITIES.
LIABILITIES?!
YOU'RE THE ONE THAT STARTED THIS, THE ONE THEY'RE AFTER! BECAUSE OF THAT THE REST OF US HAD TO SACRIFICE ANY HOPE OF LIVING NORMAL LIVES. YOU'RE TOO CAUGHT UP IN SELF-PITY TO REALIZE THAT.
YOU LECTURED US ABOUT PREPARING FOR WAR. WELL, I'VE DONE THAT, BUT I'LL BE DAMNED IF IT WAS IN VAIN! YOU WANT TO ACT LIKE...
WHAT?
JESSICA.
I'LL TAKE IT FROM HERE.
SHE'S RIGHT, AL, NONE OF US ASKED TO BE HERE! I DIDN'T! STILL, YOU BROUGHT ME HERE ANYWAY BECAUSE YOU NEEDED THINGS FROM ME. AND NOW, I'M LIKE, YOUR PERSONAL PRISONER ONLY LET OUT WHEN YOU DEEM IT APPROPRIATE! I'VE GOT FRIENDS AND FAMILY, WHAT'S GOING THROUGH THEIR MINDS SINCE I DISAPPEARED!

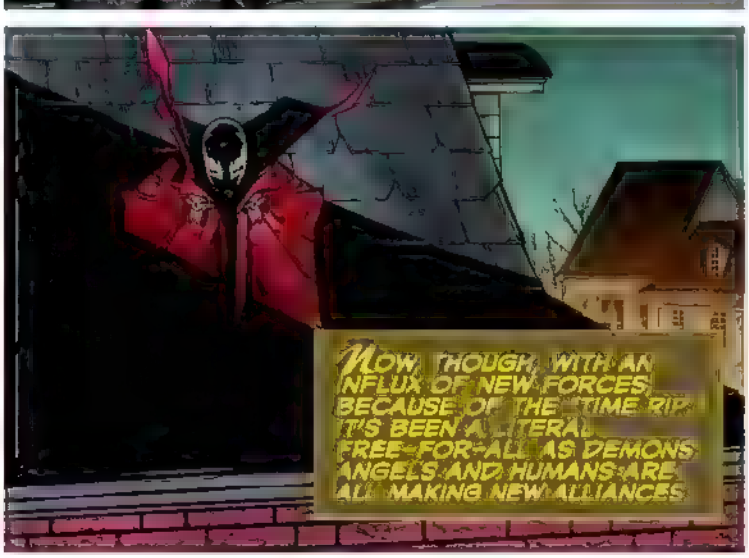
YOU'RE RIGHT-- I DON'T CARE ABOUT YOUR FAMILY. I CARE ABOUT SURVIVING! ABOUT LIVING LONG ENOUGH TO WIPE OUT THE SCUM WHO KILLED MY WIFE! THE SAME ENEMIES THAT KILLED SUSAN!
WE'LL NEVER GET THOSE ANSWERS IF OUR ENEMIES CAN COME TO THIS PLACE WHENEVER THEY WANT. I DON'T TRUST THERE WON'T BE MORE BREECHES--THE ONLY WAY TO FIX IT IS TO NOT HAVE ANYONE HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE!
WITH THAT, SPAWN SPINS AND WALKS AWAY, SHAKING THE FLOOR WITH EVERY STRIDE HE MAKES.
GO AHEAD, WALK AWAY, YOU COWARD!
MARC, DON'T PUSH HIM. LET HIM BE, OTHERWISE, THINGS WILL JUST GET UGLIER.

IN ANOTHER ROOM, SPAWN POURS OVER FILES HE'S GATHERED RECENTLY FROM A FEW ENEMY FACTIONS. FOR HIM, THERE REMAINS TWO LARGE PIECES THAT ARE STILL MISSING.
THE FIRST: HOW MANY BEINGS FELL INTO THE TIME-PARADOX RIP AND WERE PULLED HERE TO OUR EARTH. SOME OF WHOM ARE SPAWNS THEMSELVES.
INVISIBLE
THE SECOND PIECE IS FINDING THOSE FROM HEAVEN AND HELL THAT WERE ALREADY HERE.
YOU KNOW WHAT'S EATING HIM?
NO CLUE.
BUT WE NEED HIM ALIVE. AT LEAST UNTIL WE'VE HAD THE CHANCE TO BUILD OUR OWN ARMY TO FIGHT THIS WAR.
HE'S GETTING WORSE.

FROM SPAWN'S PERSPECTIVE, HE ISN'T GETTING WORSE, HE'S GETTING MORE REALISTIC AS HE SEES THE FORCES OF HEAVEN AND HELL BEGINNING TO BECOME MORE BRAZEN AND MORE PUBLIC WITH THEIR ACTIONS


WHERE ONCE THE "SHADOW PLAYERS" WANTED NO PART OF REVEALING THEMSELVES IN PUBLIC TO HUMAN EYES, SOME HAVE NOW BECOME COCKY OR CARELESS IN HOW THEY INTERACT WITH HUMANITY

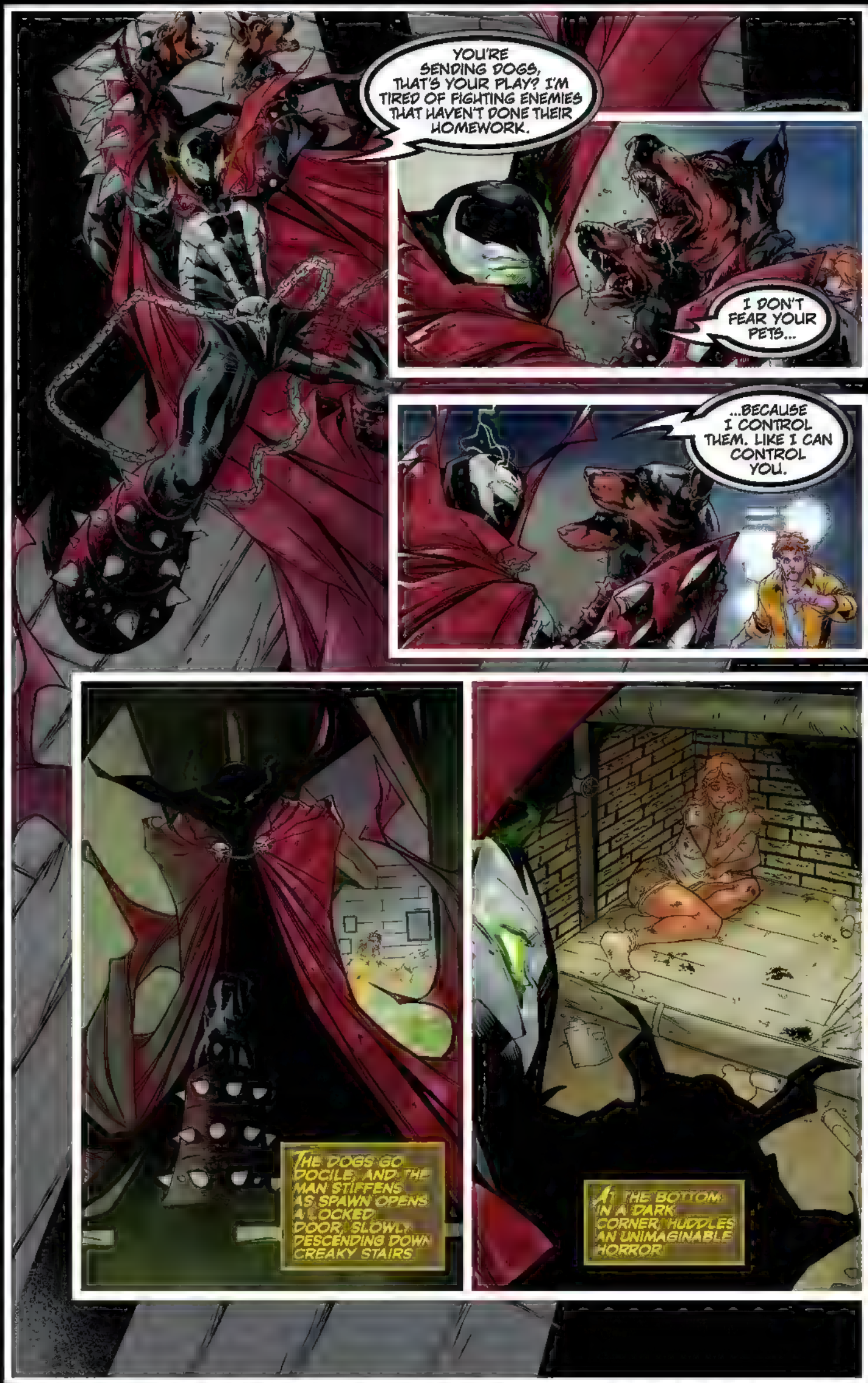

THOSE TRAPPED ON EARTH WHEN SPAWN LOCKED THE "DEAD ZONES" HAVE FORGOTTEN WHAT THEIR ORIGINAL GOALS WERE
OR MAYBE THEY JUST DON'T CARE ANY LONGER

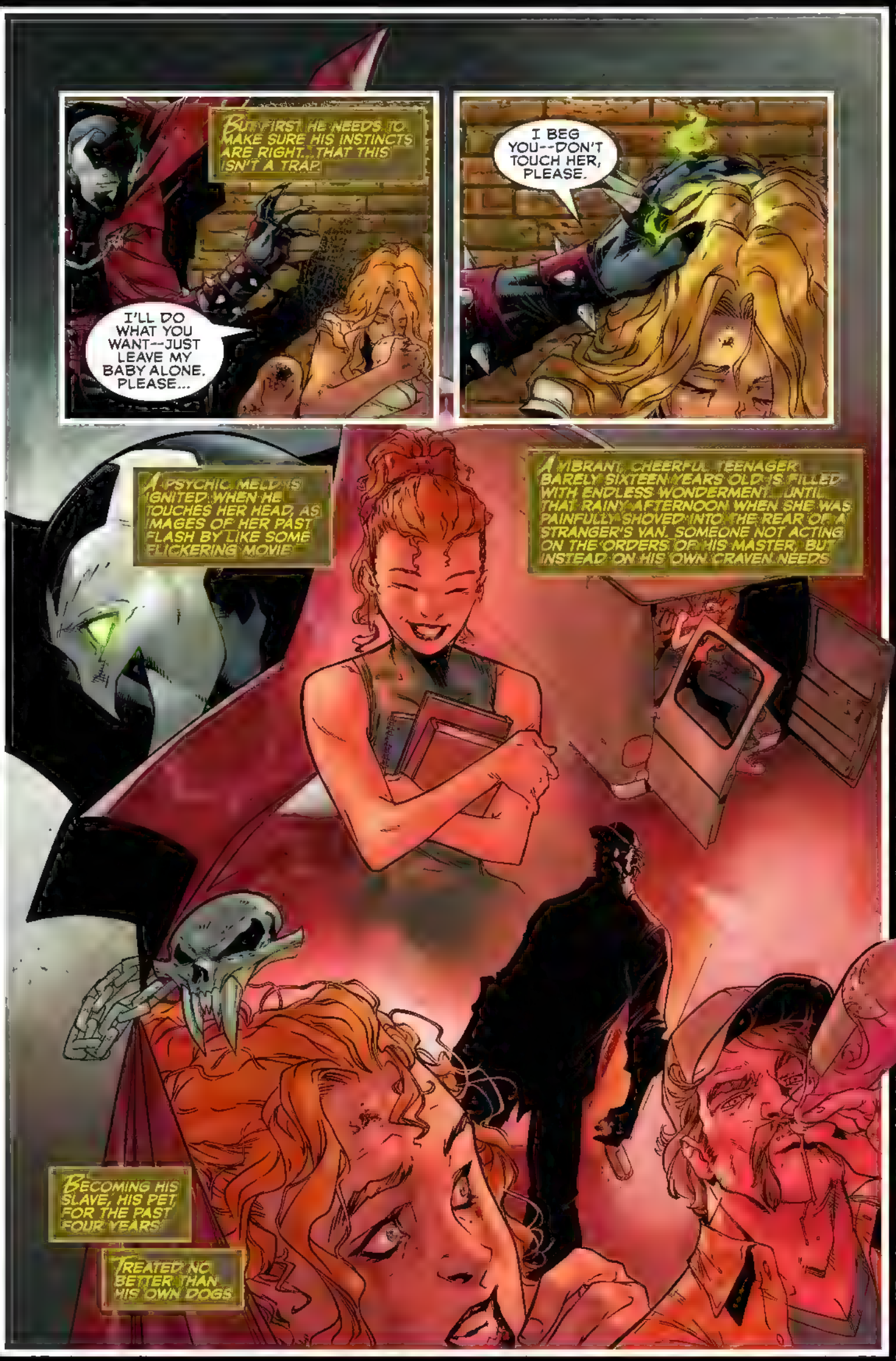

NOW, THOUGH, WITH AN INFLUX OF NEW FORCES BECAUSE OF THE TIME RIP, IT'S BEEN A LITERAL FREE-FOR-ALL AS DEMONS, ANGELS AND HUMANS ARE ALL MAKING NEW ALLIANCES

AND SOME HAVE SEVERELY HAD A FALL FROM GRACE
A FEW OF THEM ONCE HELD POSITIONS OF PRESTIGE AND POWER, SURROUNDED BY THOSE WHO WERE LOYAL TO SERVING THEIR AGENDA BUT SINCE THEY'VE BEEN LOCKED OUT FROM RETURNING BACK TO HEAVEN AND HELL THAT STRUCTURE HAS FRACTURED
BUT THEY STILL KNOW THINGS THINGS THAT COULD BE VERY USEFUL IN FIGHTING THIS WAR
WAKE UP, PAUL.

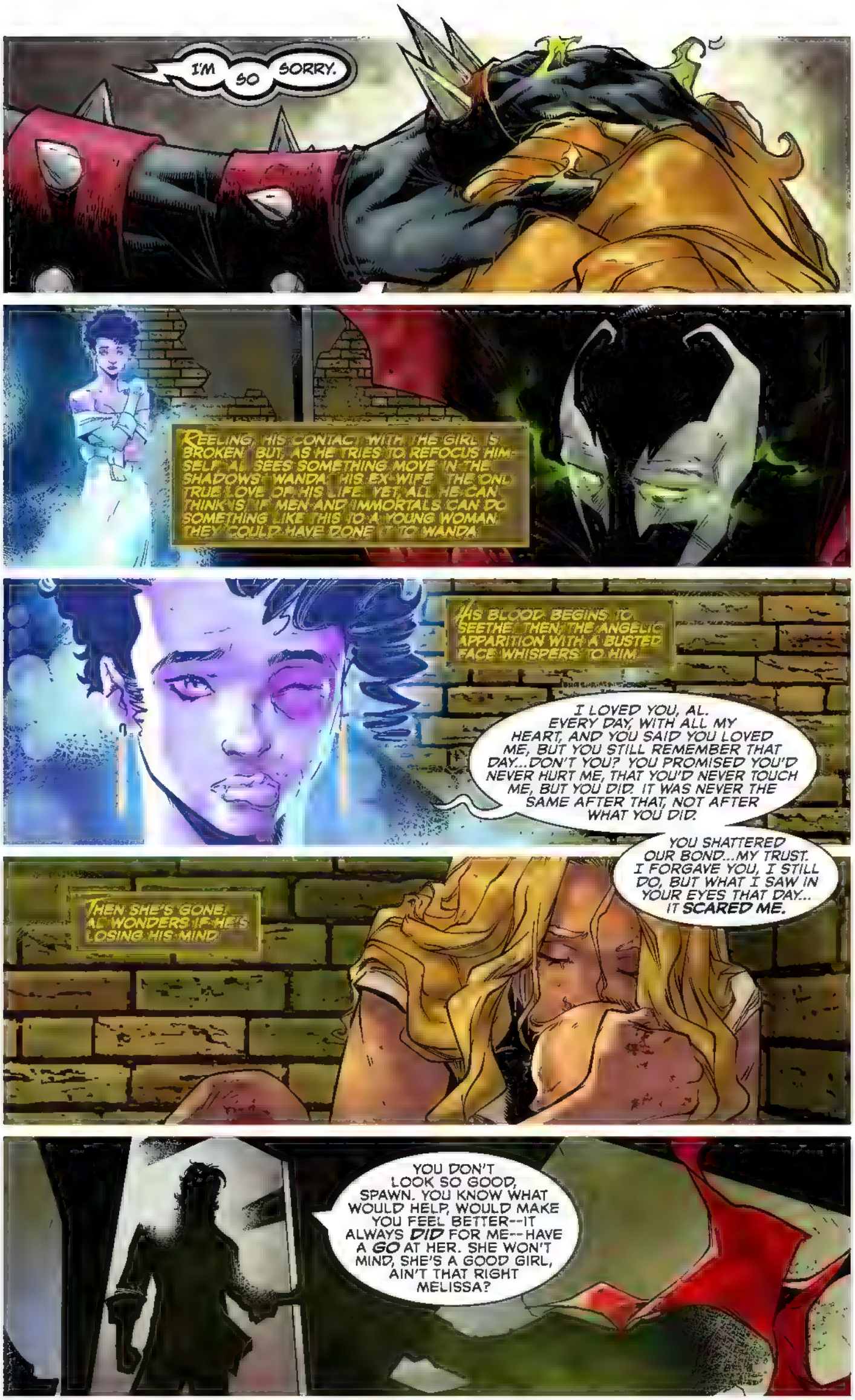
PAUL GREENE HAS HAD A ROUGH NIGHT. IT'S ABOUT TO GET ROUGHER.
WHOA!
MUST HAVE DOZED OFF.
SLAM
A CLAWED HAND BEGINNING TO CRUSH HIS LARYNX CONFIRMS IT.
BAKK
I'M GOING TO ASK SOME QUESTIONS AND YOU'RE GOING TO ANSWER.
AS DOGS BARK IN THE BACKGROUND, SPAWN QUICKLY DOMINATES PAUL. HE KNOWS WHO HE ONCE WORKED FOR.
GET 'EM OFF! GET OFF!
AND HE KNOWS WHAT HE'S AFRAID OF.
I WANT YOUR FILES, PAUL. WHERE'D YOU HIDE THEM?

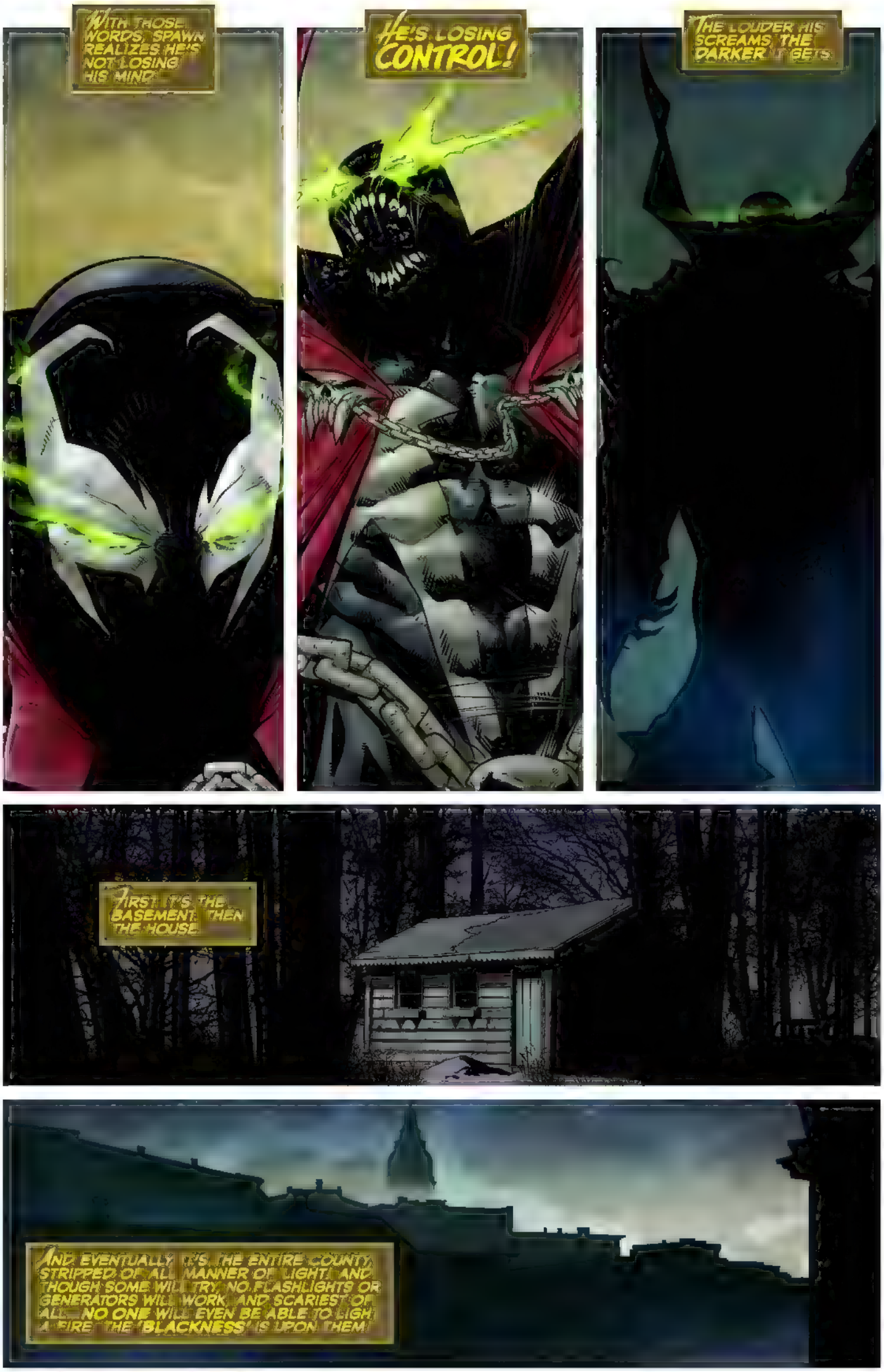
MY FILES?
YES. I'VE FOUND A FEW ON MY OWN, ITS HOW I FOUND YOU, BUT I KNOW THERE'S MORE. LOTS MORE. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH YOURS?
THEY HAD ME PUT THEM IN A SAFETY DEPOSIT BOX IN A BANK.
WHICH ONE?
IN PITTSBURGH. CORNER OF MCGOVERN AND SIXTH. YOU CAN HAVE THEM; I DON'T GIVE A CRAP I WALKED AWAY FROM THAT GROUP A LONG TIME AGO.
IT SHOWS.
YOU FIXING TO KILL ME?
I HAVE WHAT I WANTED AND YOU'RE NOT WORTH MY TIME. BESIDES, THEY'LL HUNT YOU DOWN FOR ME.
AS SPAWN PREPARES TO LEAVE, THERE'S A CURIOUS SOUND
MMPP
SOMEONE ELSE HERE, PAUL?
ATTACK! NOW!
FROM BEHIND, TWO SAVAGE DOGS DO EXACTLY THAT!


YOU'RE SENDING DOGS, THAT'S YOUR PLAY? I'M TIRED OF FIGHTING ENEMIES THAT HAVEN'T DONE THEIR HOMEWORK.
I DON'T FEAR YOUR PETS...
...BECAUSE I CONTROL THEM. LIKE I CAN CONTROL YOU.
THE DOGS GO DOCILE, AND THE MAN STIFFENS AS SPAWN OPENS A LOCKED DOOR, SLOWLY DESCENDING DOWN CREAKY STAIRS
AT THE BOTTOM IN A DARK CORNER, HUDDLES AN UNIMAGINABLE HORROR

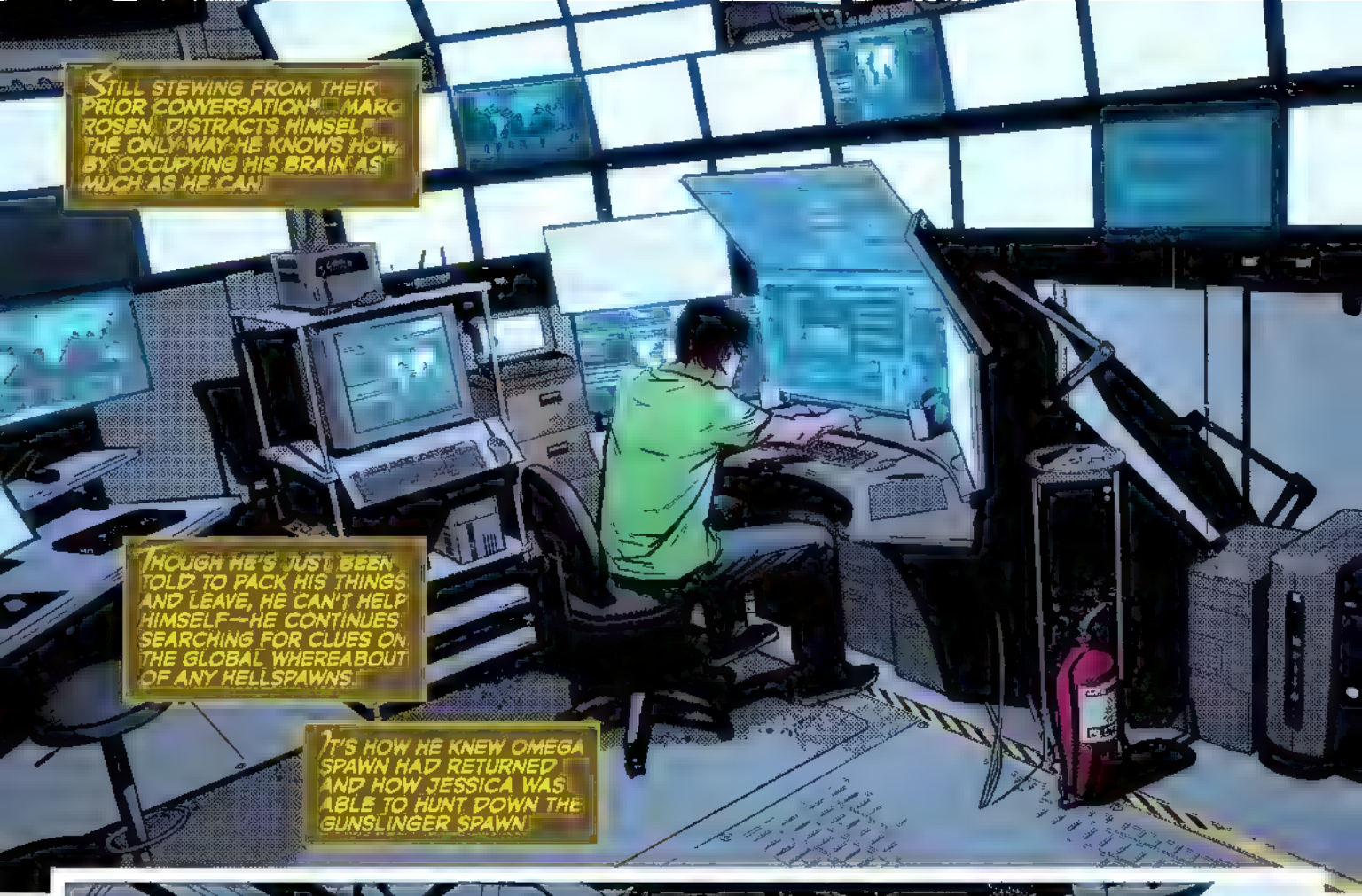

BUT FIRST, HE NEEDS TO MAKE SURE HIS INSTINCTS ARE RIGHT...THAT THIS ISN'T A TRAP.
I'LL DO WHAT YOU WANT--JUST LEAVE MY BABY ALONE. PLEASE...
I BEG YOU--DON'T TOUCH HER, PLEASE.
A PSYCHIC MELD IS IGNITED WHEN HE TOUCHES HER HEAD, AS IMAGES OF HER PAST FLASH BY LIKE SOME FLICKERING MOVIE
A VIBRANT, CHEERFUL TEENAGER BARELY SIXTEEN YEARS OLD IS FILLED WITH ENDLESS WONDERMENT. UNTIL THAT RAINY AFTERNOON WHEN SHE WAS PAINFULLY SHOVED INTO THE REAR OF A STRANGER'S VAN. SOMEONE NOT ACTING ON THE ORDERS OF HIS MASTER, BUT INSTEAD ON HIS OWN CRAVEN NEEDS
BECOMING HIS SLAVE, HIS PET FOR THE PAST FOUR YEARS
TREATED NO BETTER THAN HIS OWN DOGS

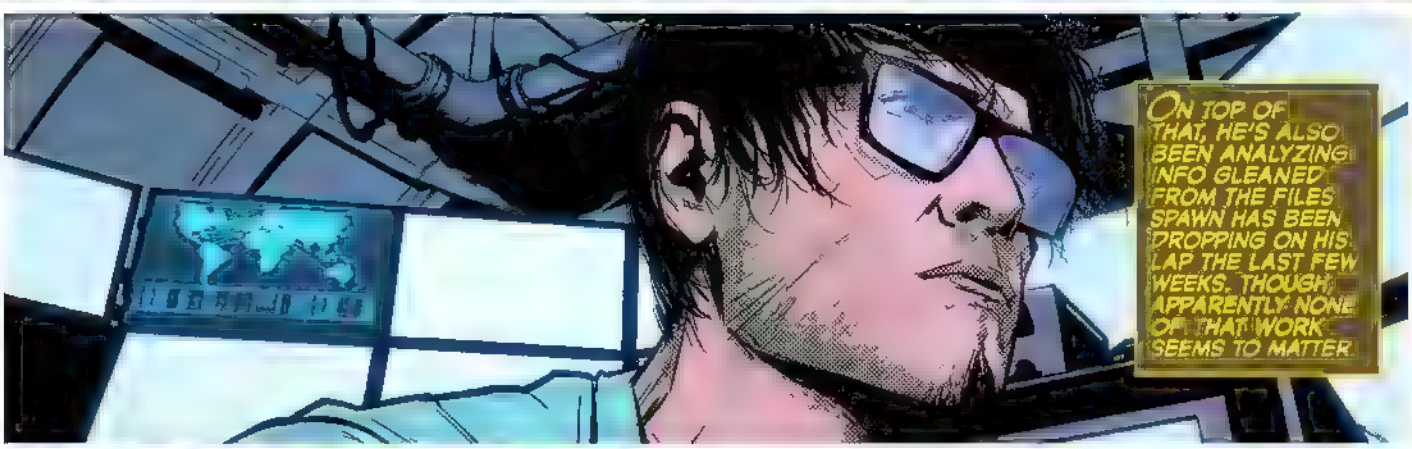
She resigned herself to be a toy, to be played with and abused by a monster!
He beat, starved and raped her over and over and over again.
Rarely concerned about her physical well being or mental health, he tried to beat it out of her, but she gave birth to her daughter anyway, which only infuriated Paul even more so each beating became worse
She'll walk with a limp and never see clearly out of one eye for the rest of her life, and the emotional toll taken on her will never heal.
He took someone with kindness and beauty and broke her because he could.
Because he could

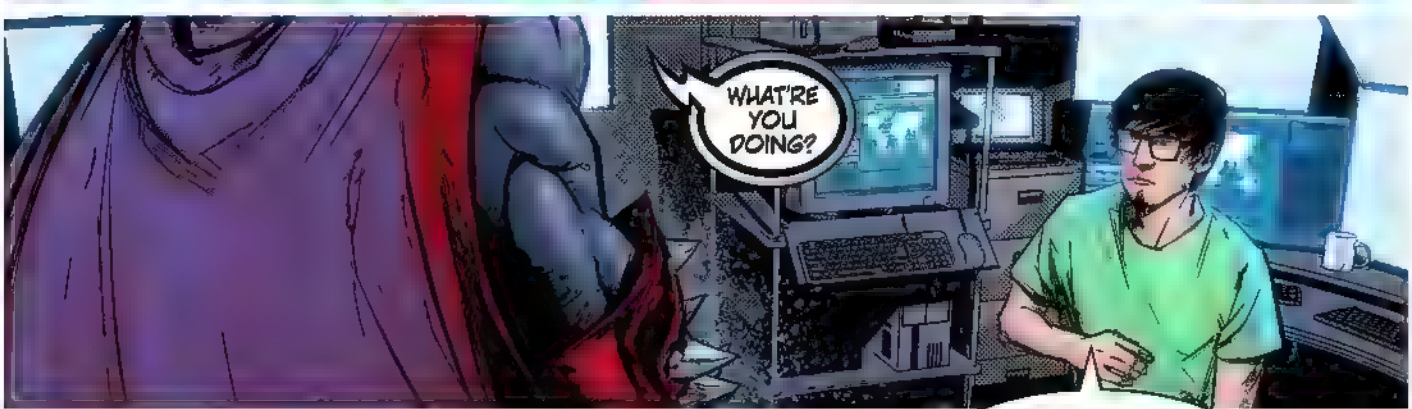

I'M SO SORRY.
REELING, HIS CONTACT WITH THE GIRL IS BROKEN. BUT, AS HE TRIES TO REFOCUS HIMSELF, AL SEES SOMETHING MOVE IN THE SHADOWS. WANDA, HIS EX-WIFE, THE ONLY TRUE LOVE OF HIS LIFE. YET, ALL HE CAN THINK IS, IF MEN AND IMMORTALS CAN DO SOMETHING LIKE THIS TO A YOUNG WOMAN, THEY COULD HAVE DONE IT TO WANDA.
HIS BLOOD BEGINS TO SEETHE. THEN, THE ANGELIC APPARITION WITH A BUSTED FACE WHISPERS TO HIM.
I LOVED YOU, AL. EVERY DAY, WITH ALL MY HEART, AND YOU SAID YOU LOVED ME, BUT YOU STILL REMEMBER THAT DAY...DON'T YOU? YOU PROMISED YOU'D NEVER HURT ME, THAT YOU'D NEVER TOUCH ME, BUT YOU DID. IT WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER THAT, NOT AFTER WHAT YOU DID.
YOU SHATTERED OUR BOND...MY TRUST. I FORGAVE YOU, I STILL DO, BUT WHAT I SAW IN YOUR EYES THAT DAY... IT SCARED ME.
THEN SHE'S GONE. AL WONDERS IF HE'S LOSING HIS MIND.
YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD, SPAWN. YOU KNOW WHAT WOULD HELP, WOULD MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER--IT ALWAYS DID FOR ME--HAVE A GO AT HER. SHE WON'T MIND, SHE'S A GOOD GIRL, AIN'T THAT RIGHT MELISSA?


WITH THOSE WORDS, SPAWN REALIZES HE'S NOT LOSING HIS MIND.
HE'S LOSING CONTROL!
THE LOUDER HIS SCREAMS, THE DARKER IT GETS.
FIRST IT'S THE BASEMENT. THEN THE HOUSE.
AND EVENTUALLY IT'S THE ENTIRE COUNTY, STRIPPED OF ALL MANNER OF LIGHT. AND THOUGH SOME WILL TRY, NO FLASHLIGHTS OR GENERATORS WILL WORK, AND SCARIEST OF ALL... NO ONE WILL EVEN BE ABLE TO LIGHT A FIRE. THE "BLACKNESS" IS UPON THEM!

1:8:1:6


STILL STEWING FROM THEIR PRIOR CONVERSATION, MARC ROSEN DISTRACTS HIMSELF THE ONLY WAY HE KNOWS HOW: BY OCCUPYING HIS BRAIN AS MUCH AS HE CAN.
THOUGH HE'S JUST BEEN TOLD TO PACK HIS THINGS AND LEAVE, HE CAN'T HELP HIMSELF--HE CONTINUES SEARCHING FOR CLUES ON THE GLOBAL WHEREABOUTS OF ANY HELLSPAWNS.
IT'S HOW HE KNEW OMEGA SPAWN HAD RETURNED AND HOW JESSICA WAS ABLE TO HUNT DOWN THE GUNSLINGER SPAWN.

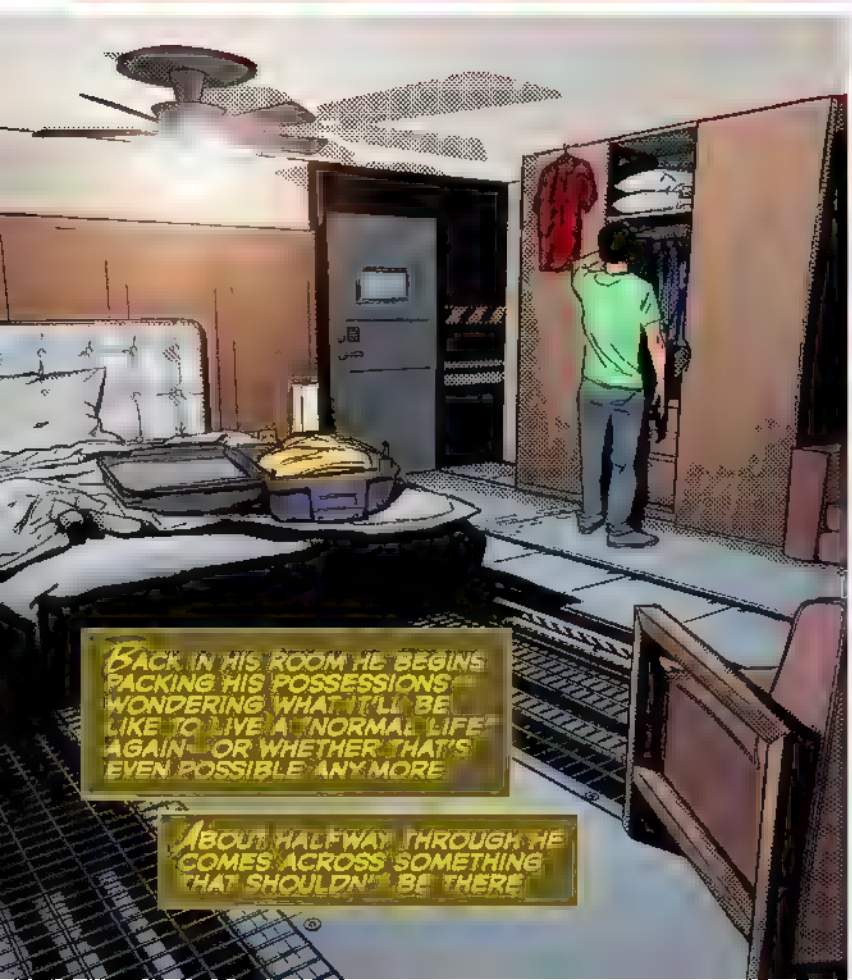

ON TOP OF THAT, HE'S ALSO BEEN ANALYZING INFO GLEANED FROM THE FILES SPAWN HAS BEEN DROPPING ON HIS LAP THE LAST FEW WEEKS. THOUGH, APPARENTLY NONE OF THAT WORK SEEMS TO MATTER.


WHAT'RE YOU DOING?

WHAT'S IT LOOK LIKE!? I'M WORKING, THOUGH YOU MADE IT *PERFECTLY CLEAR* BACK THERE JUST HOW LITTLE YOU VALUE THAT!
I'M DOING THIS TO SAVE ALL OF US.
STOP *GASLIGHTING* ME! IF YOU CARED SO MUCH ABOUT ME YOU WOULDN'T HAVE KIDNAPPED AND BROUGHT ME HERE TO START WITH!
OH, GROW UP. YOU WANTED TO BE HERE.

IS THAT HOW YOU'VE SPUN IT IN YOUR HEAD? WOW! THAT'S IMPRESSIVE! BUT THAT'S NOT WHY I'M HERE.
I CAME BECAUSE I WANTED TO HELP! PERIOD! END OF DISCUSSION!
YOU KNOW WHY?
BECAUSE UNLIKE YOU, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANS TO STILL BE HUMAN!
SO, HERE! HERE'S A FILE, DO YOUR OWN DIRTY WORK FROM NOW ON!

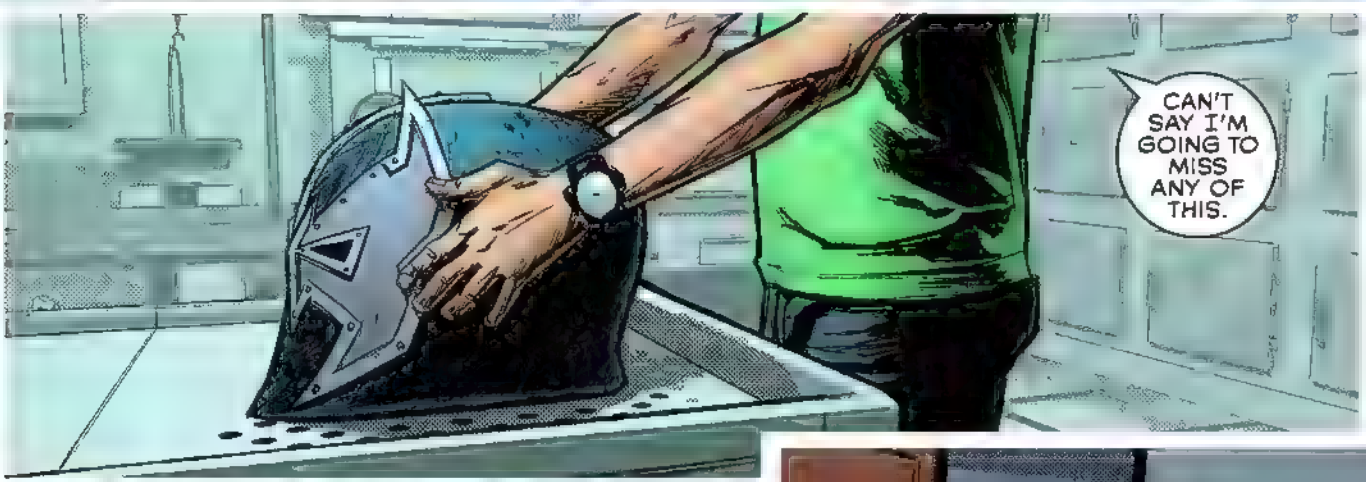
I QUIT!


BACK IN HIS ROOM HE BEGINS PACKING HIS POSSESSIONS WONDERING WHAT IT'LL BE LIKE TO LIVE A NORMAL LIFE AGAIN... OR WHETHER THAT'S EVEN POSSIBLE ANYMORE
ABOUT HALFWAY THROUGH HE COMES ACROSS SOMETHING THAT SHOULDN'T BE THERE

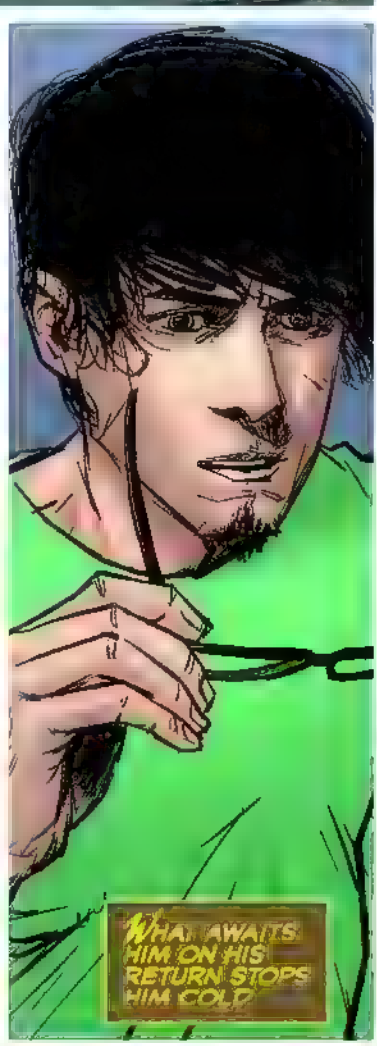
THE HECK..?

YOU'RE A BIG REASON WE'RE GETTING BOOTED OUT OF HERE.
...ALONG WITH MEMORIES THAT ALSO SEEM TO HAVE BEEN STORED AWAY
LATER

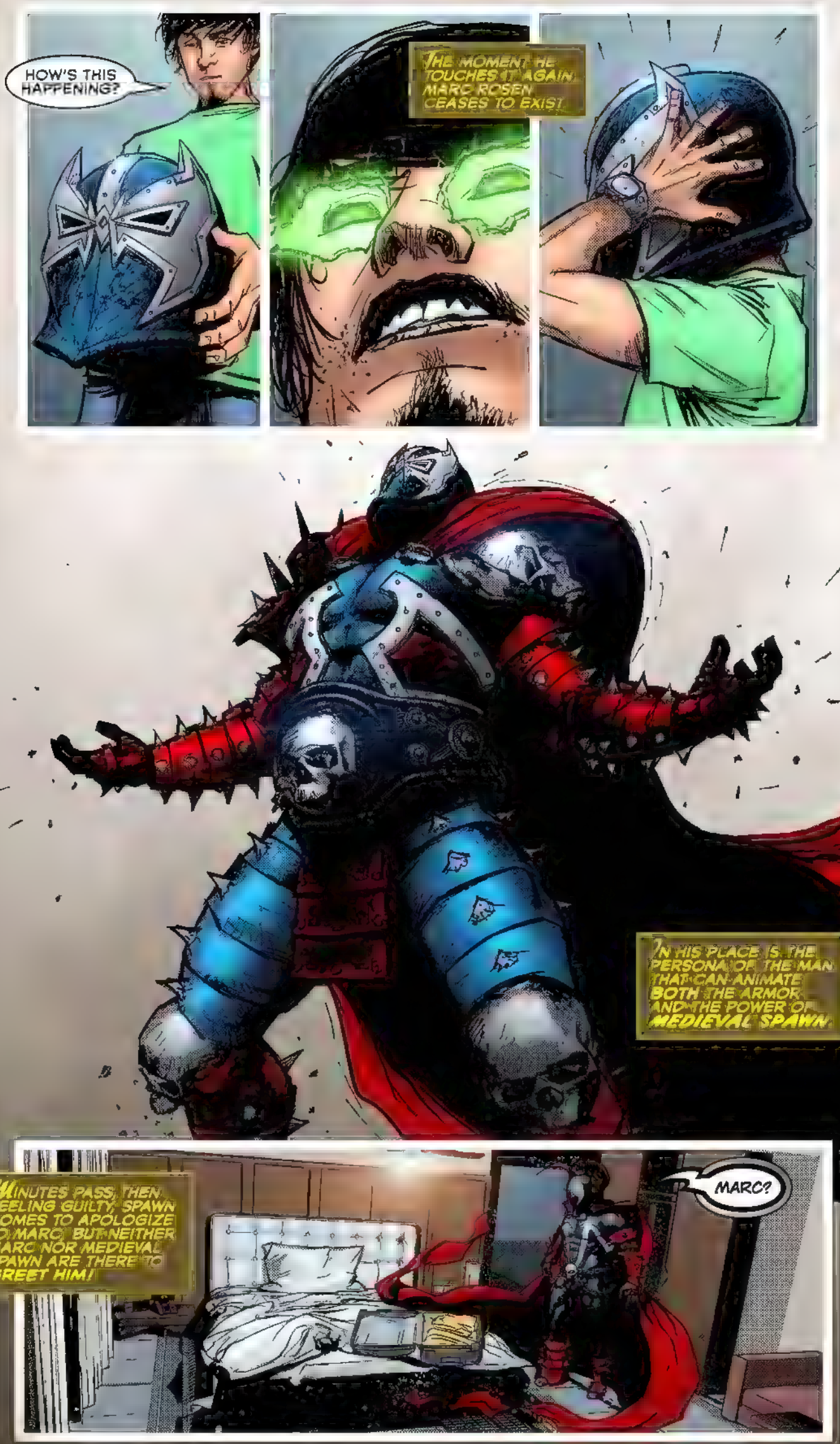
PRIOR TO THIS, MARC ALREADY HAD AN EXPERIENCE WITH MEDIEVAL SPAWN'S ARMOR. THOUGH HE CAN'T REMEMBER IT ALL, HE'S NOT INCLINED TO REPEAT THOSE ACTIONS AGAIN.


CAN'T SAY I'M GOING TO MISS ANY OF THIS.

AS HE HEADS BACK TO HIS ROOM, HE MAKES A MENTAL LIST OF THINGS HE STILL HAS TO DO.


WHAT AWAITS HIM ON HIS RETURN STOPS HIM COLD.

NO WAY.


HOW'S THIS HAPPENING?
THE MOMENT HE TOUCHES IT AGAIN MARC ROSEN CEASES TO EXIST
IN HIS PLACE IS THE PERSONA OF THE MAN THAT CAN ANIMATE BOTH THE ARMOR AND THE POWER OF MEDIEVAL SPAWN
MINUTES PASS, THEN FEELING GUILTY, SPAWN COMES TO APOLOGIZE TO MARC, BUT NEITHER MARC NOR MEDIEVAL SPAWN ARE THERE TO GREET HIM!
MARC?

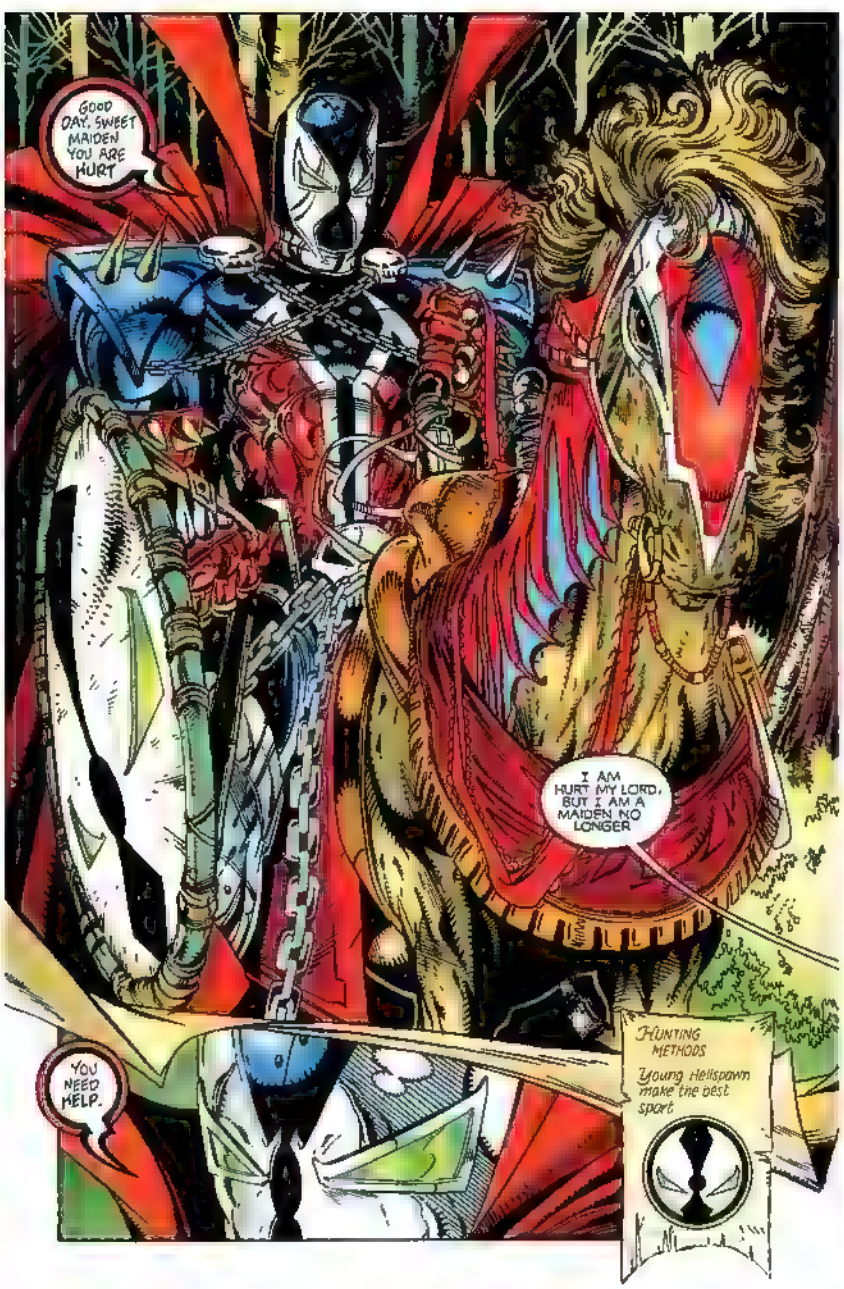
SPAWNING GROUND

PRESENTS:

THE BREAKDOWN

THE SECRET HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL SPAWN

Sir John of York, a Knight to King Henry II was slain and sent to Hell. After a bargain with Malebolgia, he is returned to Earth in the demon's service as a Hellspawn Knight. Desperate to redeem his soul, he attempts to protect the innocent, defend the sacred, and rise to nobility once again.


GOOD DAY, SWEET MAIDEN YOU ARE HURT
I AM HURT MY LORD, BUT I AM A MAIDEN NO LONGER
YOU NEED HELP.
HUNTING METHODS
Young Hellspawn make the best spark

He becomes a hero to the lost and the suffering. Unfortunately, those actions lead to his second death at the hands of a beautiful but deadly, Agent of Heaven.

But people and events from far in his future intercede and he is transported to the present, where the Vatican holds him captive. He is tortured and programmed and eventually turned into a twisted, "Weapon of the Light".

While on a "Holy Mission" for the Vatican he is slain by Spawn... his third death.

After his armor and weapons are collected and discarded, he is thought to be gone forever.

Somehow his spirit has survived and taken on a new host, but is he the same Medieval Spawn or something else...

Who is **Medieval Spawn?**

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GUNSLINGER SPAWN

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SPAWN® 322

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